

6 - 12 - 96

"BLOOD MONEY"

An Original Screenplay
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ACT ONE:

1 INT. PRISON HALLWAY -- DAY

1

Two sets of feet clomp up a drab, linoleum hallway, the footsteps echoing off the cinderblock walls. The sound of machinery chugging, hissing, and clanging can be heard in the background. CARL MATUSHKA, six-foot-one, one hundred and eighty pounds of hardened, sinewy muscle, dark, short hair, sharp features, with an L-shaped scar on his chin, walks up the hallway in an ill-fitting suit, holding a small gym bag, accompanied by a uniformed prison GUARD. Carl wears a look of disinterested contempt. The two men stop outside a door marked "E.E. Walton, Warden." The Guard knocks.

WARDEN

(O.S.)

Come in.

The Guard opens the door and Carl enters.

WARDEN

(to Guard)

Leave it open.

The Guard stays outside.

2 INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE -- DAY

2

WARDEN EMMETT E. WALTON is a big, smiling, fifty year old man who always gets his way and likes it like that. He holds a fishing rod in his hand, practicing his fly casting. There are several other fishing rods in the corner, as well as a stuffed swordfish on the wall. The Warden indicates with the fly rod that Carl should sit on the chair in front of the desk. Carl sits down. The machinery can still be heard chugging and hissing somewhere further in the background. The Warden sets down his fishing rod, sits at his desk, opens a wooden humidior, removes a cigar, then offers them to Carl.

2.

WARDEN

Would you like a cigar. Carl? Cuban.

Carl's eyes widen as he reaches for a cigar.

CARL

Thank you, Warden.

WARDEN

Take the whole box. It's a gift. And they're darn hard to get these days, too.

Carl takes the whole box, removing one to smoke. He puts the box in his gym bag.

CARL

Why, thank you again, Warden. That's darned nice of you.

WARDEN

Hell, you deserve it. You pulled five of your ten years, now you're out on good behavior. Free at last.

CARL

Yes, sir. .

The Warden snips off the end of his cigar, then hands Carl the clipper. Carl takes it and clips off the end of his cigar.

WARDEN

Y'know, Carl, I'll be darned sorry to see you go. I can't say that about most of the inmates. But I trust you. You make everything here run smoothly, Carl.

CARL

Shorty'll run things fine, sir, I trained him myself.

The Warden lights Carl's cigar, then his own.

WARDEN

I'm sure he will, if you say so, Carl. But not as good as you.

3.

CARL
(shrugs humbly)

Thank you, sir.

Carl blows a smoke ring.

WARDEN

No need to thank me, Carl, you deserve it. When you first got here you were as worthless a punk as I've ever seen, and let me tell you, I've had some downright worthless punks in here. But you were different. I could sense it in you right away, and I always trust my instincts, Carl. I'm never wrong.

CARL
(nods)

Yes, sir.

WARDEN

Take that as a little lesson, son. Trust your instincts and you'll never go wrong.

CARL

Yes, sir. I will.

The Warden takes a serious puff of his cigar, blowing smoke toward the ceiling.

WARDEN

So, what are your plans?

Carl puffs on his cigar.

CARL
(seriously)

Well, actually, Warden, it's the laundry business. It's what I know best.

WARDEN
(impressed)

That's true. You do know the laundry business. You're the best foreman I've ever had.

4.

CARL

(relaxes)

Thank you, Warden.

WARDEN

Laundry's a good business, Carl. A staple business,
like food and funeral homes.

(he rolls the cigar
between his fingers)

People will always want clean clothes. When I changed
this facility over from license plates to laundry, they
thought I was crazy. Well, I showed them. I made it
pay. For everybody.

(he straightens his
diamond cuff links)

So, laundry, huh? You have been paying attention,
Carl. I'm glad my instincts, once again, prove true.
You take the knowledge you've gained here and put
it to use and you'll be okay.

CARL

I think I will, too.

WARDEN

(smiles)

Well, good for you, Carl. The best of luck.

(the Warden stands and
puts out his hand)

Goodbye, Carl.

Carl stands, plugs the cigar in his mouth, and shakes the Warden's hand.

CARL

Goodbye, Warden. And thank you.

The Warden's attention returns to his fly rod.

WARDEN

Shut the door.

5.

Carl turns and leaves. The Warden nods his head, looking impressed. The insolent smirk returns to Carl's face. He throws a glance back at the Warden, then leaves his office, shutting the door, the cigar firmly clamped in his teeth.

3 INT. PRISON HALLWAY -- DAY

3

Carl steps back into the hall. The Guard steps up beside him, accompanying him out of the building.

GUARD

So, Matushka, you finally made it, eh?

CARL

Yeah, I did.

4 EXT. PRISON -- DAY

4

Carl and the Guard step out of the building into the yard, the clanging, hissing machinery is still clearly audible. A basketball game is going on directly outside, guards wander the sidelines. Several cons pump weights.

GUARD

(chuckles)

You think you're a tough-guy, but I heard you in there with the Warden. You're just a brown-nosed, ass-kisser. You been kissin' his ass since the day you got here.

CARL

(smiles)

I got news for you, shit-for-brains, he runs this place.

GUARD

(honestly)

Ya know something, Matushka, I never liked you. I always thought you was up to something and I *never* trusted you.

CARL

(sarcastically)

Really? I'm sorry to hear that. I always thought a

6.

lot of you.

GUARD

Funny man. You'll be back.

CARL

(seriously)

Oh no I won't! You can trust that.

They pass other guards patrolling and other cons playing catch, working out, and killing time. One CON in a group of three raises his fist in salute to Carl.

CON #1

Carl! My man!

Carl plugs the cigar in his mouth and raises his fist back.

CARL

Keep the faith, brothers.

(there is a general
grunt of assent)

I'll look up all your wives and girlfriends and
let 'em know you miss 'em.

CON #2

Fuck you!

CARL

(grins)

Not anymore.

Carl and the Guard step up to a fence topped with a spiral of barbed concertina wire, pass another guard in a shack who opens the gate with an electronic buzz. Carl steps outside the prison grounds.

5 EXT. PRISON/ OUTSIDE GATE -- DAY

5

The Guard shuts the gate and the sound of the hissing, clanging, humming machinery finally ceases. It's now just the gentle sound of wind and birds. Carl inhales deeply, grinning. He flicks the foul cigar away from him.

VOICE

7.

(O.S.)

Carl!

Carl turns and sees . . .

6 EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT -- DAY

6

. . . A truck parked beside the fence, "Mobile Knife Sharpening" written on the side. Out of the truck steps a big guy: six-foot-three, two hundred and ten pounds, bleached blonde hair in a buzz cut, a bald spot, and a missing tooth in front. He's PATRICK. He raises a football above his head.

PATRICK

Go out for it.

Patrick tosses the football to Carl who catches it. Carl inspects the ball.

CARL

Hey! This is the Redford/Dondero game ball.

PATRICK

Yeah! The big game.

Patrick and Carl hug, slapping each other on the back heartily.

CARL

Patrick, my main man!

PATRICK

Carl! Buddy! Good t' see ya!

CARL

You, too, man! You, too!

Patrick and Carl look at each other.

PATRICK

Shit, man, the "dynamic'-duo" reunited. I've really looked forward to this day, man. I didn't think it was ever gonna happen.

CARL

Why not?

8.

PATRICK

Hey, you did the time and I walked. Five long years.

CARL

(nods)

Yeah, well, that's just how it goes, right? I got caught, you didn't.

PATRICK

And you kept quiet.

(Carl nods)

I owe ya big time.

Carl reaches out and punches Patrick's arm.

CARL

Hey! We were best friends once. We could be again, right?

PATRICK

Damn straight! Nothin' can stop us now that were back together. They couldn't stop us on the football field, on the basketball court, not even in the water! We are un-fucking-stoppable!

CARL

Goddamn right!

They shake hands grabbing each other's forearms, then get into the truck.

7 INT. FRONT OF TRUCK -- DAY

7

Carl and Patrick get into the front of the truck. Curtains block off the view to the back of the truck. Carl turns to Patrick.

CARL

So, everything's all set?

PATRICK

9.

Hey! *Paisan*. Trust me.
(Carl nods and Patrick
reaches under the seat)
Here.

He hands Carl a .38 caliber, snub-nose pistol. Carl checks to see that it's loaded, then spins the cylinder.

PATRICK
By the way, Tom backed out, but I got another
driver.

CARL
(alarmed)
What'dya mean? Tom was all set. Why?

PATRICK
I don't know why, he didn't tell me. He just called
and crapped out. But I got someone else, so it's all
set.

CARL
And he's cool?

PATRICK
Sure he's cool. No prob. He'll be okay. Every-
thing'll be okay now. I'm so excited I'm giddy.
I haven't felt this way in years.

CARL
Well calm down. And the rest?

Patrick points toward the curtains leading into the back of the truck. Carl nods, looks at his watch.

CARL
All right. We've got twenty-three minutes,
let's get goin'.

Patrick puts the truck in gear driving away from the prison. Carl heads through the curtains . . .

10.

Carl goes to the back of the truck and finds a hooker, RANDI, with long blonde hair and a tight mini skirt, sitting on a cot. Carl glances back at Patrick.

PATRICK

Bon appetit.

Carl grins, shutting the curtains. Carl crosses the back of the truck and sits beside Randi on the cot.

CARL

Hi.

RANDI

Hi.

CARL

What's your name?

RANDI

Randi.

CARL

(nods approvingly)

Hmmm. Look, I don't have a lot of time, so . . .

RANDI

You've got an hour as far as I'm concerned.

(looks at her watch)

Starting from ten minutes ago.

CARL

(smiles)

Honestly, I don't think I'll need anywhere near that long.

Randi narrows her eyes and points at Carl.

RANDI

Do I know you?

CARL

Not yet.

11.

Carl reaches over and begins to unbutton Randi's blouse. Carl's hands are shaking and he stops.

CARL

It's been a long time.

Randi takes Carl's hand and sets it on her thigh.

RANDI

Here, let me.

Randi unbuttons her blouse, revealing her bra. Carl watches raptly. Randi then unclasps her bra from in front and opens it revealing her breasts. Carl's breathing speeds up. Carl's hands reach for and envelope Randi's breasts, then he eases her back on the cot. As Carl goes to kiss her, Randi turns away only letting him kiss her neck.

RANDI

You'll smudge my lipstick.

They undo just enough clothing to accomplish the deed. Randi reaches into her bag and removes a condom. Without much further ado, Carl and Randi get down to screwing. Carl humps away, attempting to release ten years worth of pent up aggression and angst. This brutal bump and grind doesn't last very long. However, when Carl climaxes he mistakenly pulls off Randi's wig -- she actually has short, dark hair. Carl looks at her with recognition in his eyes.

CARL

Janie Kochanski?

(Randi looks confused)

I'm Carl Matushka!

JANIE looks shocked.

JANIE

Oh my God! Carl?

They hear Patrick chuckle up front. They both sit up, fastening their clothes.

CARL

How have you been?

JANIE

(automatic)

Great. You?

12.

CARL
(also on auto)

Great.

(they both stop themselves)
Well . . . actually, I just got outta jail. Ten years.

JANIE
(shrugs)
Yeah, well . . . You see what I'm doin' for a living.
(she reaches into her purse)
I'm working outcall.

Janie hands Carl a business card that says, "Femme Fatale Outcall Massage." Carl looks at it, then up at Janie.

CARL
You never gave me back my letter jacket.

JANIE
(flatly)
No, I didn't.

CARL
Huh! Ya know, we didn't go out for very long or anything, but somewhere in the back of my mind I've always remembered you fondly, Janie.

JANIE
(smiles)
As the girl who stole your letter jacket?

CARL
(nods; smiling)
Right, among other things.

JANIE

13.

Well, I *really* had a thing for you, Carl, and you dumped me *really* hard.

Carl looks blank.

CARL

Huh? I did?

JANIE

And you don't even remember, do you?

CARL

Hey! *I'm* the one that recognized *you*.

JANIE

But you don't remember what happened, right?

CARL

(frowns)

Uh, no.

JANIE

(shakes her head)

Figures. You always were the most conceited prick in the whole school.

CARL

(smiles nostalgically)

And the best looking.

JANIE

(smiles)

That, too. You haven't changed.

CARL

(sighs)

Oh, I have. Ten years in the joint knocked some of it outta me, but not all.

(Carl grins a wicked grin.

Janie falls for him again)

You still look good, Janie. Real good.

JANIE

14.

Yeah, well, thanks. It's all I got; what's left.

CARL

So, what've you been up to?

JANIE

(chuckles)

Oh, ya know, this and that. A life.

(shrugs)

It's a sad story that no one wants to hear.

CARL

(looks her in the eyes)

I'd listen to *your* sad story, if you'd listen to *mine*.

Janie looks straight at Carl.

JANIE

Yeah?

CARL

Yeah.

Janie looks at Carl long and hard, then points at him.

JANIE

Fool me once, shame on you; fool me twice,
shame on me.

CARL

I'm not tryin' to fool you, Janie. Honestly.

They have another long moment of simply looking at each other, then Janie puts out her hand.

JANIE

Gimme that card back.

Carl is confused as hands the card over.

CARL

What?

Janie takes the card, takes a pen from her purse and writes on the back of the card.

15.

JANIE

Here's my home address and phone number.
Stop by and see me sometime.

She hands him back the card.

CARL

(coughs)

You mean professionally or unprofessionally?

JANIE

Which would you prefer?

Carl looks her up and down.

CARL

Unprofessionally.

JANIE

(defensively)

Don't think that means for free. That's not what
I'm talkin' about.

CARL

Me, either.

JANIE

Okay. But only if you want to, that is?

CARL

(nods)

Right. I do. We'll go out.

JANIE

(looks at him)

Really?

CARL

Yeah, really.

JANIE

You're not just sayin' it?

16.

CARL

No, I mean it.

JANIE

(smiles)

Okay.

Janie stands, crosses the truck, pulls the curtain back and speaks to Patrick, who is grinning.

JANIE

I hope you're amused, Patrick.

PATRICK

I am. I love reunions.

JANIE

(points)

You can drop me off over there.

PATRICK

You got it.

Janie shuts the curtains and turns back to Carl.

JANIE

It was good to see you again, Carl.

CARL

You, too, Janie. Real good.

(waves the card)

I'll call you.

JANIE

(sincerely)

Do.

(leans toward Carl)

What're you two up to?

CARL

(acts innocent)

What? Nothin'.

17.

JANIE
Sounds like you're about to pull a job.

CARL
(looks innocent)
No shit?

The truck stops.

JANIE
(sincerely)
Be careful, okay?

CARL
Sure. Well . . .

JANIE
And call me.

CARL
I will.

JANIE
'Bye.

CARL
See ya.

They look at each other for a long moment . . .

PATRICK
(interjecting)
I hate to intrude, but aren't we in kind of a
hurry?

Janie opens the curtains and exits the passenger door. She jumps out of the truck holding her wig. Carl waves at her as he climbs into the passenger seat. Janie waves back, then walks away slinging the blonde wig over her shoulder. Carl watches her mini-skirted derriere go sashaying off. He sighs and shuts the door.

9 INT. FRONT OF TRUCK -- DAY

9

Patrick is grinning. Carl punches him in the arm. They continue driving.

18.

CARL

Son of a bitch! You knew that was Janie Kochanski.

PATRICK

(nods)

Sure. It was good to see her, right?

CARL

(sighs)

Yeah, it was. Real good.

PATRICK

Good. Now, on with the show.

Carl looks at his watch.

CARL

We've got fifteen minutes.

Patrick nods, then shakes his head.

PATRICK

It's been a long damn time, hasn't it?

CARL

(nods; thinks)

Yeah, well, ten years.

PATRICK

Shit, Carl, we were somethin' way back when.

CARL

(nods)

Yeah.

PATRICK

We're gonna be again.

Carl looks out the window.

CARL

19.

It's so weird to be out, man. Everything looks so big.

(Carl smile fades)

I'm never goin' back, I can tell ya that!

PATRICK

(changes subjects)

'Member the Brother Rice game when me and you scored forty points?

(Carl nods)

Shit, man, they never saw nothin' like us.

CARL

(nods)

Nope.

PATRICK

And they never will again.

Carl smiles, but is obviously growing weary of the nostalgia. Patrick turns the steering wheel, pulling the truck over to where a thin, long-haired freak waits at the corner.

PATRICK

This is Donny, he's an old friend of mine. He's *really* smart. He's like a genius.

DONNY comes walking up and he doesn't look very good: pale, nervous, shaky.

Carl turns to Patrick, concerned.

CARL

What's his deal? He looks like shit. Is he a *junkie*?

PATRICK

Yeah, kind of, but he's got it under control. It's cool, really.

Carl looks skeptical.

CARL

Oh yeah, *real* cool. How smart can you be and be a junkie?

20.

PATRICK

You'd be surprised.

Patrick puts his finger to his lips for quiet. Donny gets in through the passenger door of the truck. He actually looks worse close up.

DONNY

(false gaiety)

Eh, guys, how's it goin'?

PATRICK

Perfect. Donny, this is Carl. Carl, Donny.

Carl and Donny shake hands. Carl obviously dislikes whatever is that is now on his hand, wiping it on his pants.

DONNY

You don't suppose we could stop somewhere for a second, huh?

PATRICK

What? You gotta take a leak?

DONNY

No, I gotta make a stop.

PATRICK

For what?

DONNY

For none of your fuckin' business, that's for what. It'll just take a second.

PATRICK

(flatly)

No. We can't. We're on a tight schedule, okay?

Donny sits down on the cot.

DONNY

Shit!

21.

CARL

Are you gonna be all right?

DONNY

Yeah, I'll be fine. Life's a cabaret. Don't worry about me.

PATRICK

(selling)

Donny, baby! This'll all be over in an hour, and you'll be on your way with a pocket full of cash, all right? Be cool.

DONNY

Fine, fine, fine. Let's get going.

Donny leans his head back and shuts his eyes. Carl looks at Patrick skeptically, nodding toward Donny.

CARL

(quietly to Patrick)

He better not fuck this up.

PATRICK

Yo, bro, trust me. He'll be fine.

Carl nods skeptically.

The truck pulls over to where a short, chubby, bald man in his mid-forties stands holding a suitcase. He is BUZZ. Carl shakes Buzz's hand, then gives Buzz his seat. Carl gets in back with Donny, kneeling between the two front seats.

BUZZ

Hey, buddy. Welcome out.

CARL

It's good to be out.

Buzz and Patrick nod to each other. Buzz glances at Donny who looks away.

BUZZ

22.

Who's he?

CARL

The driver.

BUZZ

Huh.

(grins)

Burning the Warden, what a great idea, Carl. I'm sorry I didn't come up with it during my eight years. The guy's such a pompous prick it'll serve him right.

CARL

(grins)

Yeah. How many fish ya figure he's hooked in his office there.

Buzz and Carl crack up. Patrick and Donny don't get it.

CARL

Anyway, it came to me when I folded my ten millionth towel. Warden Walton makes a fortune off the prison laundry, using the prisoners as slave labor.

(to Patrick)

We do the laundry for twenty-five local dry cleaners, who all pay *way* below union minimum to have the prisoners do the work. What a scam!

Buzz and Carl chuckle.

BUZZ

A quarter of million dollars in unmarked, untraceable cash? Small bills. Wow!

PATRICK

You sure?

CARL

Sure I'm sure.

(to Buzz)

23.

It's there, ain't it?

BUZZ

Oh, yeah, it's there. Everybody that's inside knows about it. They move it in laundry bags. It's all in fifty and hundred dollar bills.

CARL

That money gets dropped off in exactly twelve minutes. And it won't be picked up for twenty more minutes after that, the time it takes for the Warden to drive over from the prison with two prison guards. We're gonna let 'em drop the money off, then we're gonna walk right in there and take it. Donny'll be waitin' for us in the alley at the back door -- with the engine running. Buzz'll crack the safe, Patrick and me'll make sure everyone stays nice and quiet while all this happens. Nobody'll get hurt and we'll waltz outta there with a quarter of a million in unmarked bills. Simple. Actually, I think it's elegant in its simplicity. So, let's get movin'.

Patrick puts his hand on Carl's shoulder.

PATRICK

We're right on schedule, pal, don't sweat it. The "dynamic duo" has returned! Together we're unstoppable.

At that very moment the right front tire blows out. The truck swerves, Patrick veering over to the shoulder.

PATRICK

What the hell!?

DONNY

(snidely)

What were you just sayin' about bein' "unstoppable?"

Carl looks at his watch worriedly.

CARL

24.

Shit! We've only got eleven minutes.

PATRICK

Plenty o' time. I'll fix it like I'm on a pit crew.
We'll be outta here in two minutes.

They all head out of the truck.

10 EXT. SIDE OF ROAD -- DAY

10

Everybody climbs out of the truck, steps up to the right front tire and inspects the damage. Carl looks the whole truck over as Patrick retrieves the jack and spare.

CARL

What is this thing? I thought you were gonna rent
a new one?

Patrick begins to set up the jack.

PATRICK

No, *you* said I should go rent a new one, but I don't
have a credit card, and without a credit card you
can't rent a truck.

CARL

So where'd you get this?

PATRICK

I borrowed it.

CARL

What does that mean?

PATRICK

It means I borrowed it.

CARL

You didn't steal it?

PATRICK

No.

25.

CARL

You hangin' out with gypsy knife sharpeners these days?

PATRICK

Hey! Lay off.

Carl looks at his watch.

CARL

Nine and a half minutes.

BUZZ

We gonna make it?

CARL

We'll see . . .

Donny heads back into the truck and curls up into a ball. Carl and Buzz wander around the incapacitated truck while talking.

BUZZ

So what did you say to the Warden when you left?

CARL

What'dya mean?

BUZZ

Ya know, when he asked what you're gonna do with your future and that shit. What did you say?

CARL

(grins)

Oh. I told him I was goin' into the laundry business.

BUZZ

(amazed)

You didn't?

CARL

I did. I told him I'd be a success at it, too. He wished me all the luck in the world and gave me

26.

a box of cigars.

Both Buzz and Carl start to laugh. Patrick has the truck jacked-up, and is quickly twisting off the bolts.

PATRICK

I should work at the damn Indy 500, man. Look at this, almost done.

CARL

Eight and half minutes.

PATRICK

With time to *spare* . . . get it?

Everyone gets it. Patrick puts on the spare, also bald, and spins on the bolts. He gives each of them a quick tightening with the lug wrench, then jumps to his feet.

PATRICK

Done. Let's go.

They all climb back into the truck.

11 INT. FRONT OF TRUCK -- DAY

11

Everyone resumes their seats. Patrick puts the key into the ignition, turns it, the starter makes a horrible, strained noise, then starts to click. Everyone looks at Patrick, who grins and tries it again. This time it starts. He puts it in gear and drives away.

CARL

Eight minutes.

They drive along in silence for a minute, then . . .

CARL

OK, let's synchronize our watches.

Everybody reveals their watches but Donny.

DONNY

27.

I don't have a watch.

CARL

What'dya mean? How can you go on a job without a watch?

DONNY

Hey! Fuck you! I used to have a gorgeous Rolex, okay? I had to pawn it.

CARL

(sighs)

All right, okay. Buzz, you won't need one, give him yours.

BUZZ

(taken aback)

Hey, my wife gave me this watch for my birthday!

CARL

You'll get it back afterward.

BUZZ

Well . . .

Buzz reluctantly hands his watch to Donny who takes it in a trembling hand. He tries to put it on, but is shaking too much. Carl looks at Patrick.

DONNY

I'm fine. Not a problem.

12 EXT. UNITED LAUNDRY BUILDING -- DAY

12

They arrive at a gray, nondescript building with a sign saying, "United Laundry Systems." They park the truck around the corner where they can keep an eye on the building.

Carl pulls the stem on his watch.

CARL

Okay, it's one twenty-five exactly.

28.

PATRICK

Mark.

DONNY

Oh, shit. It's digital and I went past it. Now I've got to go all the way around. Hold on.

Donny holds in the button on the watch, rolling his eyes at how slow it's going. He finally looks up at Carl.

CARL

Ready?

(Donny nods)

Okay, one twenty-six. Mark.

DONNY

Aw, shit, this is A.M. Hold on.

Donny pushes in the button and everyone waits. Suddenly, Carl's had it. He throws up his hands in exasperation.

CARL

Patrick, can I talk to you for a second?

PATRICK

What?

Carl points his thumb out the window.

CARL

Outside.

Carl opens the door and gets out. Patrick shrugs, opens his door and follows. Donny calls after them . . .

DONNY

Hey! I just about got it.

13 EXT. BACK OF TRUCK -- DAY

13

Carl and Patrick meet up at the back of the truck. Carl looks furious and grabs Patrick's shoulder.

29.

CARL

I'm not goin' through with this.

PATRICK

(shocked)

What? You've got to. We're here.

CARL

(shakes his head)

So-fucking-what! My simple and elegant plan's turned to shit right in front of my eyes. This truck's a total piece of crap and Donny's a strung-out junkie! I say we just drop it and come back in three months.

PATRICK

They could change the whole damn thing in three months and you wouldn't know 'cause you're not in. All your information's brand-new and up to date.

CARL

Too bad. Then the hell with the whole damn thing, we just won't do it.

PATRICK

Wait a minute. This is a quarter of a million bucks we're talkin' about here. Unmarked, untraceable. That'll be ours in the next couple of minutes. So the truck's a piece of crap; it got us here. And Donny's a
(continued)

PATRICK (cont.)

junkie; but all he has to do is sit in the truck. It may not be workin' perfect, but it's workin' well enough. Carl. Buddy . . .

CARL

Patrick. Don't.

PATRICK

(grins; selling)

It's me, man. Patrick; your best friend. Nobody knows you like I do. I love you, man. This'll all work out. Take my word for it. God's lookin' down

30.

on us. This is our big moment, man! We gotta go for it. Right now. It'll work. I swear!

CARL

Well . . .

PATRICK

Come on. The money's ours, we just gotta take it. A quarter of million bucks. Carl, it's now or never!

Carl sees Patrick's logic. He nods.

CARL

Right.

Patrick slaps Carl's shoulder.

PATRICK

Goddamn right it's right!

Carl and Patrick both go around and get back in the truck.

14 INT. TRUCK -- DAY

14

Carl and Patrick get in. Carl turns to the others.

CARL

(looks at all three)

All right. Are we clear on the plan?

(everyone nods)

Right. And no shooting.

BUZZ

(waves his hand)

This won't be a big deal. It's an easy safe.

CARL

Really? How come?

BUZZ

Well, a Universal 1205 is an old-fashioned model, it's got a handle. If you push down on the handle while turning the combination wheel you can hear the bolt drop into the notch on the disk. You gotta know what to listen for, but once you do, it's a breeze. I buy locks, take 'em apart and study 'em in my spare time.

PATRICK

They let you do that in the joint?

BUZZ

No, but I did anyway.

PATRICK

Wouldn't it be faster to just blow the safe?

BUZZ

Actually, no. Blowing a safe is quite a complicated process, and a noisy one, too. I can pick this model way faster than blowing it.

They see a black Lincoln pull up in front of the building. Two men in dark suits get out of the car carrying large white laundry bags. They open the front door of the building and head inside. There is a protracted pause, then both men return empty-handed, get in the Lincoln and drive away. Carl looks at the others.

CARL

That's us. Remember, twenty minutes and out!
Let's do it!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO:

15 EXT. TRUCK -- DAY

15

The back door of the truck opens. Our guys have stockings pulled over their heads and their

32.

guns drawn as they step out of the truck. Immediately, Buzz falls down and something in his pocket crunches.

BUZZ

Shit!

Buzz reaches into his pocket and reveals his busted eye glasses.

BUZZ

Ooops!

Carl watches Donny shakily climb into the driver's seat. Carl points over his shoulder.

CARL

Pull around to the back door. Over there in the alley.

DONNY

I know, I know.

CARL

You okay?

Donny shrugs, smiling wanly.

DONNY

I'm fine. Not a problem. Just don't make me wait, all right?

The other three nod. Carl checks his watch.

CARL

Come on, we've got nineteen minutes left.
Let's move!

They hustle toward the building.

16 INT. UNITED LAUNDRY -- DAY

16

Patrick, Carl, and Buzz burst through the front door of United Laundry. Patrick aims his pistol at the dark-haired, big-eyed, RECEPTIONIST and states emphatically:

33.

PATRICK

Move and you die!

The Receptionist freezes.

RECEPTIONIST

Please don't kill me, I'm just a temp. I don't even work here.

CARL

Do as you're told and we won't kill anyone.

Carl grabs the Receptionist and pushes her toward the door to the inner office, Buzz following along with his suitcase. Patrick dashes up the hallway with his pistol out in front.

17 INT. MR. MUELLER'S OFFICE - DAY

17

Within the inner office they find a heavy-set, middle-aged man seated behind a desk drinking a can of Slim-Fast diet milkshake and wincing. He is MR. MUELLER, Executive Director of United Laundry Systems, which it states on a plaque before him. Mr. Mueller's hand starts into the desk drawer. Carl cocks the .38 and levels it at him.

CARL

Don't even think about it!

Mr. Mueller freezes. Carl takes a .25 caliber automatic pistol out of the desk drawer. Carl puts the pistol in his jacket pocket.

Buzz heads directly toward a door, ostensibly a closet. Mr. Mueller sees this and gasps.

MR. MUELLER

Fellas, please, you don't know who you're messing around with here.

CARL

Oh, really? Who?

MR. MUELLER

(sincerely)

Take my word for it, you don't wanna know.

CARL

34.

You're right, so just shut up!
(to Buzz)
I'll get Mr. Mueller here to unlock the door for
you.

Buzz has inserted a dentist's tool in the lock, which at that moment clicks.

BUZZ

Keys are for fags.

Buzz grins, opening the door revealing a safe -- without a handle; it has a spoked crank. Buzz's grin dissolves into an ugly expression.

BUZZ

Hey! You said this was a Universal 1205. It's really
a 1405.

CARL

What does that mean?

BUZZ

(shrugs)

It's gonna take longer, that's what it means. I've
been practicing with a 1205, and this doesn't have
a Goddamn handle!

Carl looks at his watch.

CARL

Well, you've got eighteen minutes, that's it.

RECEPTIONIST

Couldn't you just let me go? I don't have any-
thing to do with any of this.

CARL

(to Receptionist)

Please, don't talk.

(to Buzz)

Will eighteen minutes do?

35.

BUZZ

I'll let you know.

Patrick enters the room pushing a gray-haired, sixty year old SECURITY GUARD ahead of him.

SECURITY GUARD

For God's sake, stop pushin'.

PATRICK

Can it, old man!

Carl steps up to Patrick, pulling him off to one side, next to a dusty, broken Excer-cycle.

CARL

(flatly)

It's a different safe than what you said.

PATRICK

So, what does that mean?

CARL

It means it's gonna take more time, which we don't have.

PATRICK

(turns to Buzz)

Well, go faster.

BUZZ

Hey! Don't tell me what to do! This ain't my mistake.

PATRICK

Well, it ain't mine!

CARL

(to Patrick)

Just shut up already!

PATRICK

36.

(taking offense)

What're you sayin'?

CARL

I'm sayin', this is absolutely *your* fault!

Patrick is offended, his head going back, his chest puffing out.

PATRICK

Hey, *best friend*, I don't like your tone.

Buzz, meanwhile, takes out his glasses and, of course, they're busted. He picks out a large hunk of lens and holds it up to his eye. He puts a stethoscope in his ears, places the end on the safe and begins to pick the lock.

Carl glares at Patrick, pulling him off to one side and whispering to him.

CARL

Don't "Best Friend" me! You were supposed to scope this place out? What happened?

PATRICK

I paid a guy to do it, okay? *He* fucked up.

(to Buzz)

So, can you get it open, or what?

BUZZ

I don't know.

PATRICK

(to Buzz; snotty)

I thought you could pick *any* safe?

BUZZ

If you'd shut-up.

Carl continues to whisper angrily.

CARL

You paid a guy to scope this place out?

PATRICK

Yeah. What of it?

Carl shakes his head disgustedly.

CARL

That just means someone else knows about our plan. Weren't we gonna keep it quiet?

PATRICK

I did. Lighten up.

Carl goes to the window and nothing's stirring. There's the truck around the corner. Carl looks at his watch. He steps back over to Patrick.

CARL

Sixteen minutes. No you didn't. Don't say ya did when you didn't, that's bullshit.

Buzz turns the combination dial, listening intently. Buzz nods.

BUZZ

I think I can get it open, but I have no idea how long it'll take. Lining up each disk takes it's own amount of time.

CARL

How much time?

BUZZ

How should I know, I don't even have a fuckin' watch. I'd've been well on the way to having a 1205 open by now.

Patrick and Carl tie up their three prisoners. Mr. Mueller shakes his head.

MR. MUELLER

You're not gonna make it. You're gonna have armed prison guards crawling all over your ass any second.

CARL

(shakes his head)

Not any second, fifteen minutes.

BUZZ

38.

I don't think I can make it in fifteen minutes.

PATRICK

Oh, yes you will!

Patrick swings his pistol around and aims it at Buzz. Buzz shakes his head.

BUZZ

Threatening me won't get his *Universal 1405*
open any faster, asshole!

PATRICK

(pissed)

All right! Fine! Just lay off me, okay!

Carl steps between them, pulling Patrick over to the side. Carl points in Patrick's face.

CARL

No, *you* lay off! We wouldn't be going through
this shit if you'd've scoped this place out yourself
like you said you would.

PATRICK

(rolls his eyes)

You still buggin' me about that?

CARL

What is it? Ancient history now? So far you've
screwed up your whole end of this deal!

PATRICK

(angry)

Hey! Fuck you! What happened to you in prison
there? You go and lose your faith?

CARL

Hey! Shit-for-brains, I didn't join a new religion,
I planned a perfectly good heist that's suddenly
going all wrong 'cause of *you!* And it pisses me off!

PATRICK

Yeah, well you're startin' to piss me off, so just cool
out, all right? We'll be fine. Trust me.

Carl's had it. He looks to heaven shaking his aching head.

CARL

Are you kidding me? Why do you keep saying that?

PATRICK

What? Can't you trust me anymore?

CARL

Anymore?

Patrick finally takes true umbrage.

PATRICK

You sayin' you *never* trusted me?

CARL

Look, you're my pal, but don't push this.

PATRICK

Are you sayin' you never trusted me? I wanna know.

CARL

This ain't the time.

PATRICK

I say it is.

CARL

All right, fine. How about the fuckin' Seaholm game when you totally crapped out on me, the team, and the whole damn school? Huh? You left me hangin' out in the breeze pickin' my nose a dozen times 'cause you wanted to screw that moron halfback's sister. What about that? Didja even get his sister in the sack?

PATRICK

(abashed)

Well, no.

40.

CARL

So do me a fuckin' favor and stop with that "trust me" horseshit, okay?

PATRICK

(shocked)

Jesus! You've changed.

CARL

Yeah, I'm ten years older.

PATRICK

(pokes his own chest)

Well so am I.

CARL

Yeah, but you didn't get any smarter.

PATRICK

(frankly)

You got all these problems with me, what am I doin' here? Answer me that?

(it's an excellent question,
one that Carl hasn't got an
answer for)

It's 'cause I'm your best friend, remember?

CARL

No, it's 'cause you owe me one.

PATRICK

Fine. Then let's just get it done and get outta here.

CARL

Fine.

BUZZ

(looks up)

I got the first tumbler. Two more to go.

CARL

You gonna get two tumblers in twelve minutes?

41.

BUZZ

Maybe, but just. It would be a far, far better thing if you two would stop arguing about twenty year old high school football games and figure out a way to buy us some time.

Buzz goes back to his business. Patrick aims his pistol at Mr. Mueller.

PATRICK

Why don't we get this fat fuck to open it? He's *gotta* know the combination.

CARL

(shakes his head)

Except he doesn't.

Mr. Mueller looks closer at Carl.

MR. MUELLER

How do you know? Who *are* you?

Carl aims his pistol at Mr. Mueller's head.

CARL

Don't push your luck, fatso! I'm having a rough day. Eleven minutes.

PATRICK

There'll only be two guards with the Warden, right? We can take 'em.

Carl looks at Patrick in amazement.

CARL

What do you mean? Kill 'em?

PATRICK

Sure. Why not? Fuck it!

CARL

42.

And the Warden? And these people, too?
(Patrick shrugs; the people
in question don't look like
they like the idea much)
Don't be stupid.

Now Patrick gets furious.

PATRICK

Oh, now I'm stupid, too, huh?

CARL

And you're pissin' me off .

PATRICK

Well, I got news for you, buster! I'm *not* stupid!
You think you're so fuckin' smart, huh? Who just
did ten years in the slammer? Me or you?

CARL

Yeah, with *your* gun.

Patrick looks at Carl squarely.

PATRICK

You got ten years -- with *my* gun -- and *I* walked.
So, who's the stupid one, huh?

Carl can't believe it.

CARL

Hey! I could've ratted on you anytime, but I didn't.

PATRICK

I know, and I appreciate it. That's what a friend
does for a friend. But I don't like bein' called
stupid, okay? Not by you or anybody. Besides, I'm
not stupid; I'm smart!

Carl looks at his watch and paces.

43.

CARL

(tense)

Ten minutes! Fuck!

(to Patrick)

You're smart?

PATRICK

Yeah, I am.

CARL

(laughs harder)

You failed every fuckin' class. You were in remedial everything. You flunked gym!

PATRICK

That's *not* what I'm talkin' about.

CARL

Well, what *are* you talkin' about then?

PATRICK

(points at his head)

Street smarts.

CARL

(nods)

All right then, Mr. Smartguy, what do we do now?

PATRICK

We should've blown the fuckin' safe, that's what we *should've* done.

CARL

Meaning, you haven't got an idea to save your life.

PATRICK

And what about you?

Carl looks around the office in desperation, then looks at his watch and shakes his head wearily. Carl is beginning to really feel the pressure.

PATRICK

I say, let's take 'em when they get here. Simple.

44.

Carl ignores Patrick, his brow furrowed, deep in concentration.

PATRICK

You listening to me?

Carl finally spots the Rolodex on Mr. Mueller's desk.

CARL

We ain't takin' anybody.

Carl grabs the Rolodex, flips through the pages, then shoves it into Mr. Mueller's face, followed by the barrel of the .38 and the telephone receiver.

CARL

Call the Warden and stall him.

MR. MUELLER

(skeptical)

I'm sure he's already on his way here.

CARL

(intense)

Call him in his car! Ask him to stop and pick you up something. A pack of cigarettes.

MR. MUELLER

(harumphs)

I don't smoke.

Carl cocks the pistol, jams it up Mr. Mueller's nose, shoving the telephone to his ear.

CARL

(very intense)

You cocksucker, think of something! Be convincing. I'm getting desperate, understand?

MR. MUELLER

(nods)

Yeah.

(Mr. Mueller dials the phone
and it rings . . . And rings . . .
And rings . . . Then is
answered)

Hello, Emmett? Yeah, it's Joe. Uh . . . I don't suppose you could stop and pick me up some ice cream, could you? Double chocolate? Yeah, there's a 7-11 on the way.

Carl suddenly looks highly suspicious. He glances at Mr. Mueller's desk and sees the can of Slim-Fast diet milkshake. Carl whispers in Mr. Mueller's ear.

CARL

If you're fuckin' with me, you're dead!

Mr. Mueller covers the receiver.

MR. MULLER

(whispers)

What?

CARL

You're on a diet. This is a trick.

Mr. Mueller returns his attention to the phone.

MR. MULLER

Sure I'm on a diet, Emmett. I'm breakin' it.

(listens)

Yeah, I know it's a little weird, Emmett, I just got a cravin', that's all. You understand.

(listens; smiles)

Yeah, that'd be great. A pint'll be fine.

(listens)

Yeah, sure it's here. Yeah, without a hitch. Okay, I'll see ya in a few minutes.

(he hangs up)

There.

46.

CARL

(Carl looks skeptical)

Seven minutes, plus an ice cream stop. Buzz?

BUZZ

(looks up)

We'll see . . .

PATRICK

(grins)

Way cool, dude. All right. You see, it's all workin' out fine. Together we make this shit happen. Just keep the faith.

CARL

(exasperated)

Oh, for Christ sake, Patrick, just shut up, okay?

PATRICK

What is your problem? Don't be tellin' me that.

CARL

Or what?

PATRICK

You don't tell *me* to shut up, that's all.

CARL

(amazed)

You must have a fuckin' screw loose. We're gonna have armed prison guards marchin' in here in six minutes. If we ever get outta this fuckin' nightmare alive, *you're* on my shit list, buddy!

MR. MUELLER

(interjecting)

You fellas can still just walk away from this whole thing without a problem. You're never gonna get away with this.

47.

BUZZ

I got the second tumbler.

PATRICK

(grins)

All right!

CARL

(worried)

Can you get the last one in five minutes, plus an ice cream stop?

BUZZ

(nods)

I think so. You're damn lucky you got me, ya know. I'm the best.

CARL

That's *why* I got you.

Buzz and Carl exchange an appreciative look.

MR. MUELLER

These guys'll get you. They'll track you down and kill you. You still got a chance here.

CARL

You wanna be gagged, too? I got just two words for you -- *shut the fuck up!*

RECEPTIONIST

(scared)

I've got to go to the bathroom.

Patrick shoves his leering face into hers.

PATRICK

(grins)

Go ahead, go. Who's stopping you?

The Receptionist starts to cry. Carl turns to Patrick.

48.

CARL

Knock it off, will ya?

(to Receptionist)

You can hold it for five more minutes, can't you?

(she nods)

Good. You'll be fine.

MR. MUELLER

(furrows his brow)

Where do I know you from?

CARL

Just hope you don't remember, 'cause I'll have
to come back for you, and I don't wanna do that.

Buzz really concentrates, listening through the stethoscope with his face scrunched up in a knot, peering intently through the hunk of broken lens.

BUZZ

(to himself)

Come on, come on, you little son of a bitch . . .

MR. MUELLER

I'm saying this for your own good. Just leave
now. I beg you.

PATRICK

Shut up, motherfucker! I'll fuckin' kill you for
fun, you understand?

BUZZ

Come on, come on . . .

CARL

Four minutes.

Suddenly, the gray-haired Security Guard gets his hands free and makes a run for it. Without a second thought Patrick raises his pistol and fires twice into the Security Guard's back. The

49.

Security Guard hits the ground in a motionless heap. The Receptionist starts to scream at the top of her lungs. Patrick swings the gun around, aiming in on the Receptionist.

PATRICK

Shut up or you're next!

She shuts up fast, but continues to blubber. Carl goes to the downed Guard.

CARL

(freaked out)

Jesus Christ, Patrick! Now you've really gone and done it! If this guy ain't dead, he's gonna be soon.

(to himself)

What the fuck else could go wrong?

PATRICK

(angry)

You could go and say my name again, *Carl!*

Meanwhile, Mr. Mueller is turning blue, gasping for air, his entire body spasming. The Receptionist gasps, pushing herself away.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, sweet Jesus! He's having a heart attack.

Carl turns to Mr. Mueller, sees his condition, then covers his own face in horror. Carl loosens Mr. Mueller's tie.

CARL

Oh my God!

Patrick watches the scene aiming his pistol one way, then the other. Buzz notes everything going on with a disgusted shake of his head, but keeps working.

Carl is going back and forth between the Guard and Mr. Mueller. He finally throws his hands up in despair.

CARL

They're dyin'. Both of 'em.

Carl stands, looking plaintively at Patrick. Patrick is freaked out, too.

PATRICK

50.

(wide-eyed)

I had to do it. You saw. It was the only way. I'm not happy about it either, but shit, it all happened so fast. I mean, we're holdin' guns on these people, they're not supposed t' run!

Carl presses hard over his right eye.

CARL

We gotta get outta here! Now!

Buzz turns around.

BUZZ

I've just about got it . . .

Everybody watches Buzz at the safe. Carl looks at his watch, then glances out the window and sees a car coming.

CARL

Ah, shit! It's them! What else? It's a fuckin' nightmare! What happened to the ice cream?

Patrick looks at Mr. Mueller's bug-eyed face.

PATRICK

He sure as shit don't need it now.

Buzz turns the dial very slowly, then stops.

BUZZ

I got it.

Buzz stands, turns the spoked crank, the bolts shoot back with a thunk and the safe opens.

PATRICK

All right!

Patrick helps Buzz pull the two heavy laundry bags out of the safe. Patrick tosses one of the bags to Carl, slinging the other bag over his shoulder. They both exclaim:

CARL & PATRICK

51.

Jesus!

The bags are heavy. Carl opens the bag and glances inside.

CARL

It's all fives and tens.

PATRICK

Then it pro'ly ain't a quarter of a million.

Patrick gives Carl a look saying: So whose the fuck-up now?

CARL

Come on!

Buzz retrieves his tools, puts them in his bag and stands. Carl gives a final look around: two lifeless bodies and a sobbing woman on her knees. Carl can't believe it. He looks out through the window and sees that the Warden's state-issue sedan filled with PRISON GUARDS is just pulling up in front. The harried trio quickly exit out the back door.

END ACT TWO:

ACT THREE:

18 EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

18

The guys get outside, weighted down with the big bags, to find that both Donny and the truck are not there.

CARL, PATRICK & BUZZ

Fuck!

PATRICK

That junkie cocksucker motherfucker!!

Patrick kicks the pavement hard.

BUZZ

There goes my watch!

Carl turns to Patrick in disgust, poking him in the chest.

52.

CARL

One more part of your deal just blew up in
our stinkin' faces!

Patrick grabs Carl's hand threateningly.

PATRICK

Hey! Let's talk about it later, okay?

Patrick lets go of Carl's hand and they all start running up a long alley. Very quickly, Buzz with his heavy suitcase begins to fall behind. Then the Warden and three guards appear out the back door and begin shooting at them. The Warden holds a pint of ice cream in his hand. Buzz, the furthest behind, gets shot and goes down. Carl turns to go back for him.

PATRICK

Where the hell are you goin'?

CARL

For Buzz.

PATRICK

Fuck him!

Just then Carl takes a bullet in the arm, spinning him around. He and the bag go down in a heap. Patrick turns back, grabs the bag and keeps running.

PATRICK

Come on, Carl! *Run!*

Bullets are flying as Carl gets up and runs, holding his wounded, bloody arm, turning the corner after Patrick. The Prison Guards are about to give chase when the Warden says . . .

WARDEN

Come on, let's get the car.

They all quickly head back inside. The Warden throws the ice cream in disgust.

19 EXT. STREET ADJOINING ALLEY -- DAY

19

Patrick is now hauling both big bags. He turns to Carl, who is squeezing his bloody arm. The two talk while running.

53.

PATRICK

Man, I told you not to go back. Why didn't you listen to me?

CARL

(through clenched teeth)

You've been wrong about every other fuckin' thing today, why should I think you're right about this?

PATRICK

It happens sometimes, even to me.

CARL

(pissed off and in pain)

This couldn't've gone worse!

PATRICK

(amazed)

Hey! We got the money, didn't we?

Meanwhile, five and ten dollar bill are falling out of the laundry bags.

CARL

Yeah, but everything else.

PATRICK

Everything else don't fuckin' count! We're rich.

CARL

We haven't gotten away yet.

PATRICK

We will. Remember, keep the faith. I gotta get rid of these bags.

CARL

And I gotta get off the street. Anybody sees me all covered with blood's gonna call the cops. Shit! Why'ja have to shoot that guy? The cops would never have been called into this thing otherwise.

PATRICK

54.

He was tryin' to escape.

CARL

He was an old man! You could've caught him easy.

PATRICK

I didn't feel like it, okay? Whatever happened, happened. But we pulled it off. We're heroes. Now we gotta get off the street. Look, I'll stash the money and find us a ride. Where should we meet?

Carl thinks for a second, then pulls out the "Femme Fatale Outcall Massage" card with Janie's address on it.

CARL

Two six three six Virginia. Number ten.
(points)
That's that way, I think.

PATRICK

Two six three six Virginia. Got it. See ya in a few.
And cool the fuck out. We'll be fine.

CARL

(seriously)
Don't just leave me hangin', man.

PATRICK

(offended)
You think I'd do that?

CARL

I don't know anymore.

PATRICK

Well I won't. Just be cool.

Patrick, with the money, goes one way; Carl, holding his wounded arm, goes the other.

20 EXT. BACK ALLEY -- DAY

20

Carl runs through a back alley, holding his arm, losing blood. He hears a police siren begin to

wail. He ducks into a doorway, crouching down and holding his breath. The siren fades and Carl steps out of the doorway. Just then the Warden's sedan comes barreling up the alley. Carl ducks back into the doorway. He watches the Warden's sedan drive past. Carl sighs, checks his wound -- still bleeding -- then starts to get up when a VOICE comes from behind him, deeper in the doorway.

VOICE

Hey! What's up?

Carl nearly jumps out of his skin. His hand goes to the pistol in his belt as he turns and finds a ragged, filthy BAGMAN looking up at him from beneath a blanket of newspapers.

CARL

Jesus! You scared the shit outta me.

BAGMAN

Sorry. You're bleedin', ya know.

CARL

I know.

BAGMAN

You run around all covered in blood and they'll lock you up. Then they throw ya in a cold shower and pour white bug powder all over ya.

CARL

I know.

The Bagman hands Carl a torn, shredded, dirty Camel cigarettes t-shirt.

BAGMAN

Here. Use it as a bandage.

Carl takes the t-shirt and wraps it tenderly around his arm. Carl's face can't help but register that the t-shirt stinks.

CARL

Thanks.

The Bagman then hands Carl a ragged sportcoat.

BAGMAN

Here. Put this on.

56.

CARL

Thanks again.

BAGMAN

Remember, trust in the spirits. They're everywhere.

CARL

(nods)

Okay.

Carl takes off running.

21 EXT. JANIE'S STREET -- DAY

21

Carl goes around a corner, looks around, then keeps running down a long street. He glances back and sees a police car turn the corner, coming his way. Carl stops running, now walking slowly, his head sinks into the sportcoat. Very slowly the police car cruises by. The COPS glance at Carl, but don't stop. The car goes past. Carl takes a deep breath, glancing to the building to his right which is marked, "2636" -- Janie's apartment building. Carl takes out the business card and checks.

22 EXT. JANIE'S BUILDING -- DAY

22

Carl goes up the steps to the second floor and knocks on the door marked,"10." He stands there panting for air. He turns around, checking to see if the street is clear.

23 INT. JANIE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

23

Janie answers the door looking good in cut-offs, a t-shirt, and no make-up. She's shocked to see Carl, then all the blood on his hands and shirt.

JANIE

Carl? Oh, my God, you're bleeding! What happened?

She helps Carl inside.

CARL

(breathless)

I'll just be here a minute. Patrick's meeting me. Then we'll get lost. I won't get you in-

57.

volved, don't worry.

Janie takes Carl into the bathroom.

23A INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

23A

Janie takes alcohol, cotton and gauze out of the medicine cabinet. Carl sits down on the toilet.

JANIE

I'm not worried. I knew you were a doing a job.
What was it?

CARL

A heist. We got the money -- I don't know how
much, not a quarter of a million, but twenty-five
or thirty thousand, anyway -- but a lot went wrong.
Three guys are probably dead. I didn't kill 'em, but
it was my plan, so I may as well have.

Janie starts to work on his bloody wound. The alcohol stings. Carl gasps, shutting his eyes.

CARL

I think I might pass out.

JANIE

Put your head between your legs.

Carl does as he's told.

CARL

(head down)

Buzz was my friend. He was my cellmate for
four years. He has a wife and kids. Now he's
dead, or wounded and on his way back to prison,
like I could be real soon.

Janie strokes the back of Carl's head. He slowly sits up.

JANIE

What are you gonna do now?

58.

CARL

I guess me and Patrick'll take off somewhere.
Try to get lost. We'll probably have to leave the
country.

JANIE

(shakes her head)

Jesus, Carl. I don't see you for twenty years, and
when you show back up you're Public Enemy
Number One.

Carl stands unsteadily, stepping out of the bathroom. Janie follows.

23B INT. JANIE'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

23B

Carl and Janie step back into the living room.

CARL

Shit!

(looks away)

If Patrick had just gotten the type of safe down
we'd have made it. One simple piece of infor-
mation.

JANIE

It sounds like Patrick screwed this thing up.

CARL

(sighs)

He did. He's turned into a total fuckin' bone-
head.

JANIE

I got news for you, he always was a bonehead.

CARL

(sighs)

Back in high school everything went our way:
sports, girls, drugs, everything. Me and Patrick
we'd walk up the halls and we were kings of the
universe . . .

59.

(sighs again)

. . . Then high school ended. Not only weren't we the kings of the universe, we were too damn stupid to hold jobs.

JANIE

But why are you *still* friends with him?

CARL

Hey! You gotta trust somebody, right?

(Janie just looks at him)

He owed me . . . And I couldn't think of who else.

(Janie keeps looking at him)

Stupid, huh?

JANIE

Now look where you are.

CARL

(looks around)

I'm here with you.

JANIE

(flatly)

Not for long, though. Patrick'll be here any second, then you'll leave and I'll never see you again. And that's just how it goes.

Carl look down at his wound, then notices a book on the bed. As he reaches over and picks it up his eyes widen.

CARL

Hey, this is our high school yearbook, isn't it?

JANIE

Yeah. After I saw you this afternoon I took it out. It was eighteen years ago. We were kids.

(Carl opens the book.

Janie smiles)

I *was* cute, then.

CARL

60.

(shrugs)

Actually, I was gonna look at *my* picture, but now that you mention it . . .

Carl turns to Janie's picture: she's a little girl with pigtails.

CARL

(grins)

Oh, you *are* cute.

(looks up)

You still are. You haven't changed.

JANIE

(blushing)

Oh, get out.

Janie takes a step back from Carl.

JANIE

You really don't remember what happened in high school, do you?

CARL

What? I won Most Popular Guy two years running, I remember that.

Janie can't believe it, shaking her head.

JANIE

I mean, between us.

(Carl shrugs)

Unbelievable!

(sighs)

We'd been going out for about a week and you said you'd take me to the prom. Then we had sex in a car at a party. At school on Monday you acted like you never met me before, and you never talked to me again . . . let alone take me to the prom.

CARL

(eyes widen)

I *do* remember now. It was in the car next to

61.

Cass Lake, right?

(Janie nods)

You went totally psycho. I've never seen anything like it. You turned into a monster.

JANIE

You weren't wearing a condom and you came!

CARL

You shouldn't have let me go that far, most girls then didn't.

JANIE

(shrugs)

Didn't they?

CARL

No.

JANIE

But I really liked you, Carl. A lot.

CARL

I liked you, too, Janie, but you shouldn't have yelled at me like that. It scared me.

JANIE

But what if I got pregnant?

CARL

But you didn't.

JANIE

That's hindsight. Besides, I *never* heard from you again, pregnant or not. You just forgot me.

CARL

No. I did try to contact you one more time.

JANIE

(confused)

When?

62.

CARL

You worked in the bookstore. I snuck in and signed your yearbook when you weren't looking.

JANIE

(surprised)

You did?

CARL

(nods)

Uh-huh.

He picks it up and goes to the very back, where all of the inscriptions are. Carl looks for a second, then points. There, among the many various-colored ink signatures, written in small letters, is: "Janie, I'm really sorry. C." Janie looks closer, then turns to Carl.

JANIE

I never saw it.

CARL

I had a feeling that might be the case. It's pretty small.

Janie looks at Carl, amazed.

JANIE

Oh, Carl.

Carl look back with the light of an idea dawning in his eyes. Carl takes hold of Janie's hand.

CARL

(seriously)

Janie? I don't know how to say this. I mean, it'll probably sound insane, but . . . You wanna come with me?

JANIE

Where?

CARL

I don't know where. Mexico, maybe. Australia. Anywhere we want, I guess. We've got a lot of money.

63.

JANIE

I don't care about money, Carl, I never have.
Money doesn't buy happiness.

CARL

No, but it can amuse you while you're waiting.
And we'll have a lot of it. What'dya say?

JANIE

Go? With you?

CARL

(nods)

Uh-huh.

JANIE

(dead serious)

What do you mean exactly?

CARL

I mean, me and you, the both of us, go somewhere,
together.

JANIE

(skeptical)

I don't know . . .

CARL

Janie, look, I know it's a total mess right now,
but in a week, lyin' on a beach somewhere, it
might be all okay. Pina Coladas with little umbrellas,
suntan lotion, sand in our shoes --

JANIE

-- Oh, Carl, this is crazy.

CARL

I know it's crazy, but we might be good together,
Janie.

JANIE

I always thought so.

64.

(she looks Carl in
the eyes)

What happens on Monday morning when the
money's gone? Are you gonna forget who I am
again?

CARL

(grins)

No, I won't . . . Not as long as you don't start
yellin' at me again.

JANIE

(shakes her head)

But what're our chances?

CARL

If I walk out that door without you, the chances
a sure-fire zero. How could you pass up a deal
like this? Come on.

JANIE

I don't know, Carl. I need some time to think
about it.

CARL

(shakes his head)

Sorry, I'm fresh outta time.

JANIE

But what about what *I've* been doing for the
past ten years? What about *that*?

CARL

(snorts)

Look. Shit happened in prison that I'll *never* talk
about. But who cares? That's history. It only matters
what happens now. I think me and you could be good.
So, come on, what'dya say?

Janie looks him right in the eyes.

JANIE

65.

You're serious?

Carl nods. Just then they hear a car drive up quickly outside. They both look out the window and see a turquoise Grand Am pull up. Patrick hastily gets out of the car. Carl looks at Janie.

CARL

Damn right I am. What'dya say?

There is a knock at the door. Janie opens it and it's Patrick. Janie asks Carl again:

JANIE

You're *really* serious? You want me to come?

CARL

(smiles)

Yeah, I do.

Patrick looks from Janie to Carl.

PATRICK

What's goin' on here?

CARL

I asked her to come with us.

Patrick grabs Carl's shoulder and pulls him toward the door.

PATRICK

Come here a sec, I wanna talk to you.

Carl looks back at Janie, waving his finger.

CARL

I'll be back in a minute. Don't go away.

JANIE

Okay. I won't.

24 EXT. JANIE'S BUILDING -- DAY

24

Patrick leads Carl out of Janie's apartment, down the stairs and out beside the turquoise Grand Am.

PATRICK

66.

What's up?

CARL

(points upstairs)

I'm takin' Janie along.

Patrick sighs, shaking his head. He looks around and opens the driver's door.

PATRICK

Get in.

Carl opens the passenger door and gets in the car.

25 INT. GRAND AM - DAY

25

Patrick looks at Carl with a deadly serious expression.

PATRICK

She ain't comin' with us, Carl. She'll just fuck us up.

CARL

(seriously)

No, she's comin.

PATRICK

(more serious)

No, she ain't! Carl, you're my best friend. We're the "dynamic'-duo." Together we can pull off all kinds of shit, like we just did. But two's company and three's a crowd. Get it?

CARL

(offended)

Hey! Don't stick your nose into my love life!

Patrick grabs the sides of his head like it might explode.

PATRICK

Your *love life*? Carl, I just shot a guy. Another guy had a fuckin' heart attack, and Buzz got shot.

67.

This deal fucked up pretty bad.

CARL

Whose fault is that?

PATRICK

What'dya mean? We *got* the money.

CARL

Yeah, we did. But *you* killed a guy. And Buzz is dead.

PATRICK

Maybe.

CARL

Probably.

PATRICK

Whatever! We gotta get outta here! Just me and you! Not her! See, I got the money stashed.

Carl shakes his head.

CARL

No, see, I told her --

Patrick takes Carl by the shoulders, roughly.

PATRICK

-- *Fuck her!* She's just whore, man! Wherever we go we got more than enough money to get all the whores we'll ever want. Carl, baby. You need me. I got the money. So now we're gonna go get it and get the fuck outta town. Now! And Janie ain't comin!

Carl looks at the floor -- he sees a ten dollar bill and picks it up; it's covered with blood.

CARL

(thinks hard)

Yeah, well . . .

PATRICK

68.

(nods)

"Yeah, well . . ." nothin'! In a month, you still want to see her, send for her. But she ain't comin' now! No way! Trust me, this is the way it's gotta be!

CARL

(considers)

Hmmmm . . . ?

Carl looks at the bloody ten dollar bill, then turns looking back toward Janie's apartment. Our view recedes from Carl and Patrick in the car, goes back to Janie's building, up the steps, and returns to . . .

26 INT. JANIE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

26

Janie is just standing there, not knowing which way to turn or what to do.

JANIE

(to herself)

This is ridiculous. I can't just pick up and go to Austria, or wherever . . . Can I?

(looks around; shrugs)

Why not? What's stopping me?

Finally, she reaches under the bed and retrieves a small suitcase. She opens the bag on the bed and goes about packing: two blouses, four pair of panties, three t-shirts, four pairs of socks, and a new bathing suit. Before you know it she's packed. Janie stands there for a second, then grins and goes back into the closet. She steps out a moment later holding a leather letter jacket. Janie smiles as she tries to on -- it's too big.

Just then there is the sound of a car peeling away, Janie glances out the window and sees the turquoise Grand Am drive off. Janie looks confused as she walks over to the door, looks outside and doesn't see the car or Carl.

JANIE

Carl?

There's no answer. Janie steps out of her apartment.

27 EXT. JANIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

27

69.

Janie goes down the steps and looks around -- there's no one there.

JANIE
(tentatively)

Carl?

(no answer)

Carl?

Still no answer. Very slowly she turns and heads back up the stairs and into her apartment, still wearing the over-sized, old letter jacket.

28 INT. JANIE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

28

There sits her packed suitcase. Janie shakes her head sadly.

JANIE
(to herself)

Idiot.

She takes off the jacket, tosses it on the bed, then very methodically proceeds to unpack her suitcase: blouses back on hangers, blue jeans, panties, and t-shirts back in their drawers. The suitcase goes back under the bed. Janie sits down on the bed, looks at the jacket, drops her head and quietly begins to cry.

Suddenly, Janie's door flies open and there stands Carl, breathless. Janie looks at him in dumbfounded astonishment.

CARL
There were some cops out there so I had Patrick
drop me around the block.

Janie is shaken up..

JANIE
You're here.

CARL
Sure I'm here, I said I'd be back in a minute.
Didn't you think I was comin' back?

JANIE
(shakes her head)
I-I didn't know. It didn't look like it.

70.

Carl steps over and takes her hand.

CARL

(seriously)

Janie. If I say I'm comin' back for you, I'm
comin' back for you. Okay?

JANIE

(smiles)

Okay.

CARL

So, guess what?

JANIE

What?

CARL

Remember all that money I said I had?

(she nods)

Well I don't have it anymore.

JANIE

How come?

CARL

Patrick's taking it all. I told him to fuck off and
take the money with him.

Janie looks truly shocked.

JANIE

Why did you do that?

CARL

'Cause he's a bonehead! So let him have that money
-- it's blood money; it's dirty. We're gonna start clean.

JANIE

(amazed)

We're gonna start clean?

71.

CARL

Right. Me and you. So, now you've got a three-time loser, just outta jail, who pulled a heist and got no money and is on the run. *Now* you wanna come?

Janie nods without a moment's hesitation.

JANIE

Yeah, now I *really* do.

Carl takes hold of her around the waist, pulls her to him and they kiss. It's a good, long, warm kiss.

CARL

(smiles)

Don't ya wanna pack something?

Janie looks around, then sighs and shakes her head.

JANIE

Nah. I've got everything I need.

CARL

(smiles)

Cool. Me, too.

Carl takes Janie's hand and they leave the apartment, shutting the door.

Our view goes to the bed where the discarded letter jacket sits in a ball.

THE END

